THE EUCHARIST.

OR THE Holy SACRAMENT OF OUR *LORD's* SUPPER.

A DIVINE POEM.

Majora Canamus.

By E. SETTLE.

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To The PIOUS

READER.

THough the Pens of ſo many more Learned Authors, ſome of them even inſpir'd Writers, have ſo largely celebrated the Goodneſs of God in the Inſtitution of this Holy Sacrament; *I hope however, that the Chriſtian Reader will excuſe this Eſſay on ſo Divine a Subject, tho' from a poorer and weaker Hand. Nor let it give Offence, as thought any Ways to leſſen or derogate from the Dignity of ſo exalted a Theme, that I have thus ſet it forth in Verſe; when ſo great a Part of the Divine*

Oracles, ſuch as our Pſalter *and our* Canticles, &c. *are no other than a Muſical Compoſition.*

'Tis true, in our more mournful Addreſſes of Tears and Supplications to an offended Deity, or the melancholy Diſcourſes on that Part of our Chriſtian Duty, Numbers and Harmony may not ſo well ſuit a Compoſure of that Kind: But in our more cheerful Oblations, ſuch as our Thanksgiving Offerings to an all-gracious God for Pardons ſeal'd, Bleſſings ſhower'd, and Grace and Mercies receiv'd, all which are convey'd down on the Worthy Communicant at this Celeſtial Feaſt; here a more tuneful Air may claim an Admiſſion into a Treatiſe on that Argument. Nay, to ſet a little more Value on this Choice of Dreſs for ſo Seraphick a Subject, the Song, *we are aſſur'd, ſhall continue, when the* Prayer *ſhall be heard no more; whilſt ſuch is the Muſick of a long Eternity, and ev'n* Hallelujahs *are but Hymns of Praiſe, and Returns of Gratitude.*

THE

THE EUCHARIST.

SO much the Creature his CREATOR's (Care,
That *Man's Salvation* to high *Heav'n* (ſo dear,
Cou'd once ev'n give a GOD Mortality,
From his Celeſtial Throne ſent down to die:
As far at leaſt as the Expiring Breath
Of his Humanity cou'd taſte of Death.
As no leſs Expiation-Off'ring made
The Purchaſe of a World's Redemption paid;
In juſt Commemoration of the Price
Of that Propitiation Sacrifice,
Well might a Suff'ring GOD thoſe Rites Divine,
His inſtituted EUCHARIST enjoin.
That Inſtitution and the Grace it brings
Be the Great Subject which my Muſe now ſings.

Yes,

Yes, bleſſed *Euchariſt*, ſo dear Above,
Thou ſacred Seal of the Immortal Love;
The ſleeping *Patriarch* on his Bed of Reſt
Of old with that Celeſtial Viſion bleſt,
The JACOB's *Ladder* rais'd ſo high, no more
Then Mounting and Deſcending *Angels* bore.
More then Seraphick Trains thy Rites attend:
Lo, here do's ev'n the GOD himſelf Deſcend.
Far far beyond the once Mirac'lous Bread,
When a few Loaves his hungry Thouſands fed;
The Bread of Life Eternal's thine; and ſtill
To endleſs Worlds ſhall Thouſand Thouſands fill.
By this Divine Regale Mankind ſo bleſt,
At once a GOD the Founder and the Feaſt.

Oh cou'd we ſound the inexhauſted Mines
Of Divine Goodneſs; this bright Grace outſhines
His very Miracles. They little more
Then ſhew'd the Hand of an Almighty Pow'r.
Limbs to the Lame; Eyes to the Blind; and Eaſe
To the Afflicted; Nay the Dead to raiſe:
Mercies to ſingle Objects more confin'd.
The Mercies here are doal'd to all Mankind.

What tho' the *Good Samaritan* to pour
The Balm to bleeding Wounds perform'd their Cure:

Or the commiſſion'd Angel from Above,
Did the *Bethesda*'s healing *Waters* move;
Faint Emblems, weaker Medicinal Pools!
They gave but Bodies Health: Here's Health to (Souls.
Here lies no helpleſs Cripple. All, all mount
To endleſs Life from this Eternal *Gilead* Fount.

Nay when his Hand the Great Phyſician gave,
To a dead *Lazarus* wak'd from the Grave;
What did he more in that mirac'lous Grace,
Then but renew the Sands of Life's ſhort Glaſs.
That Reſurrection only rais'd the *Man*,
A little lengthen'd out his Mortal Span.
But oh that Great Phyſician from on High,
Here calls Diviner Graces to ſupply:
Do's, from this ſhining Table's bright Diſplay,
Furniſh the cheering Viands on our Way,
T' our laſt high Stage in never ſetting Day.

As the Great *Fiat*, all commanding WORD,
Spoke out the *World*, and gave that World a *Lord*:
When the High Founder his vaſt Pile began,
And ended with that Sovereign Creature MAN:

Man

Man thus to Univerſal Empire lift,
What was his World t' his *Sacramental Gift!*
Tho' deckt with REASON's intellectual (Light,
A Head ſo furniſht, and a Soul ſo bright,
Theſe *Graces* on his Fav'rite Man beſtow'd,
From hence he bore the *Image* of the GOD.
By thee, bleſt *Euchariſt*, how muſt he ſhine,
Illumin'd by a Beam yet more Divine;
From th' imbib'd DEITY his Soul t' inſpire,
With yet ſublimer animating Fire.

As ſuch his Banquet did thy GOD deſign,
So bright the *Euchariſtick* GLORIES ſhine;
Invited Mortal think to bring Thee there,
What Lips, what Knee, what Heart ought'ſt thon (prepare,
To qualify Thee for a Worthy Gueſt!
What *Wedding Garment* ſuits this *Bridal Feaſt.*

Yes thou that hunger'ſt for the Heav'nly Food,
Pant'ſt for the Cup, thirſt'ſt for the myſtick Blood,
Feel'ſt thou a Beam of God kindled by Faith,
Cheering and lighting thee to th' Heav'nly Path?
Conſult thy Soul. Are the Two Tables there,
And what the *Mighty Twelve* for GOD declare;

Seek'ſt

Seek'ſt thou to copy JESUS? Cant'ſt thou (ſhow
Meekneſs and Love t' a perſecuting Foe.
Doſt thou to Soveraign Reaſon give the Reins;
And thy ſubjected Paſſions wear thy Chains?
O'er all thy Senſes is the Conqueſt gain'd?
And do's the Needy bleſs thy bounteous Hand?
Yes, dear Communicant, tho' to this Feaſt
The Call is Univerſal, yet at leaſt
It lies on Thee to be a welcome Gueſt.
Reſolv'd to make then thy Reception ſure,
Where the God enters keep the Veſſel pure.

So well prepar'd ſet forward: Never fear
T' approach to the true *Paſchal Banquet* here.
As with a bleſt Eternity in View,
Thou want'ſt to pave thy Way to Heav'n; pur- (ſue
Thy Chace: Thy JESUS wants to pave it (too:
When the whole Fleſh his Godhead wore: His (Birth
Life, Paſſion, Death; all his whole Work on Earth,
Was but to give thee Heav'n, Eternal Bliſs.
Oh moſt prodigious Goodneſs! Love like this----
--But here, here ſtop: Nor dare with mortal Ken,
Preſume to penetrate th' amazing Scene.

For oh, th' Immenſity of Love Divine!
To fathom thy vaſt Depth ev'n Thought wants (line.

What tho' the Great THREE ONE, the GOD joyn'd (All
In the Foundation of this mighty Ball:
His Heav'n he ſtarr'd; and his low'r Earth to grace,
Fixt his own Image there, the Human Race!
He peopled but his World. His SON alone
Came down to people Heav'n, up t' his bright (Throne,
To call his beſt-lov'd Man, that Work his own.
So call'd, ſo courted, ne'er be Cold nor Coy,
But taſte the Antepaſte to endleſs Joy.
Not Thou, but thy kind Lord ſets forth this (Feaſt;
With his own Hand has the Rich Table dreſt,
Th' Inviter no leſs pleas'd, then Thou the Gueſt.

As from the Palace to the Cott, are all
Invited to this glorious Feſtival.
Has Providence thy Superior Station plac'd,
Both with High Veins, and with High Titles (grac'd;
Deckt in the gaudy Trappings of the Great,
The Robe, the Plume, the Gem, and Coronet?

Nay

Nay and perhaps to raiſe Thee yet more high,
Fixt Thee a Star in the *Court-Galaxy*!
Here at this Richer Heav'nly Banquet fed,
A Table thy poor Palace ne'er can ſpread;
Nor Pomp, Pow'r, Grandeur; no, not all the (Load
Of Worldly Cares ſhall hold Thee from thy God.
From hence enlighten'd, hence thy Heav'nly (Guide,
Led by no Vanities of Life aſide,
Midſt all the Toils of Greatneſs, all that wait
Ev'n on the Pilots at the Helm of State,
Thou ſhalt divide thy Labours; not alone
To lend thy *Patriot* Hand t' uphold a Throne:
But found thee a Sublimer of thy Own.

What tho' ſo Wealthy, ſuch thy Worldly (Smiles,
Beyond the Goſpel *Dives* Golden Piles:
To taſte this Banquet of thy Lord alone,
How wilt thou truly Sweeten all thy Own!
No hungry Supplicant driv'n from thy Door:
No, from the Affluence of thy Worldly Store,
That Warmth ſhall thy Diffuſive Grace ſupply,
To ſuccour, not oppreſs his Miſery.
He too ſhall taſte of thy Delicious Fare;
And Thou with him ſhalt *Abraham*'s Boſom ſhare.

Art thou, Young Man, in all thy ſpritelieſt Fire,
In all the Health thy glowing Veins inſpire!
Remember thy CREATOR *in thy Bloom*;
And t' his Inviting SON's rich Banquet come.
Thither thy Heav'nly Birthright call'd to prove,
Seal early thy Inheritance Above.

Nay art thou to more Hardy Virtue born;
And do's the Martial Plume thy Creſt adorn!
Thy King and Country do they both invite
Thy Champion Arm, their ſacred Cauſe to right!
Conſider e'er thou Marcheſt to the Field,
Thou bear'ſt the CROSS the Impreſs of thy (Shield.
Would'ſt thou to Battle with that Banner go,
Drink of this Cordial, and then meet the Foe.
For hardier Courage ſtill Death's Face to front
Bear Life Eternal with thee from this Fount.
Oh, fix not thy whole Hopes on th' *Hero*'s Claim
To Wreathes of Laurel, and Immortal Fame.
Tho' call'd in Honour's Bed of Duſt to lye;
Thy GOD will more then thy loſt Life ſupply;
He'll give thee a True *Immortality*.

Art thou in Life's gay *S*pring, of the Fair (Kind
The Faireſt! Haſt thou Wit, Youth, Beauty joyn'd!
Yes,

Yes, does thy Glaſs thy Roſey Bloom diſplay,
Caſt in a Mould of Nature's lovelieſt Clay;
Of Beauty's gawdy Plume be not too fond,
That periſhable Flow'r: But look beyond.
Think thou'ſt ſeen Fair Ones ſnatcht in all their (Sweets
Not to their Wedding, but their Winding Sheets.
Nor doſt thou know but ev'n that Lot may be,
By th' All-diſpenſing Pow'r ordain'd for Thee.
Then ſpend not thy whole Care in pointing Darts,
And coyning Looks for captivating Hearts:
Nor make Love's emptier Joys thy only View.
Prepare for thy Immortal Spouſals too.
The beauteous Soul who does her Light trim up,
By th' *Heav'nly Bridegroom* call'd t' his Nuptial (Cup,
The true *Wiſe Virgin* plays; ſo fixt a Gueſt,
Prepares her *Lamp* for the Eternal Feaſt.

Now from the Young and Fair, the Great and (High,
Look down to th' humbler Sons of Induſtry.
Earn'ſt thou thy Morſel from thy ſweating Brow,
A Drudging Lab'rer at the Spade and Plough;
And eat'ſt the Bread of Cares? The *Bread Divine*
And the *Salvation Cup* no leſs are Thine.

Wert

Wert thou ordain'd thy Rural Neſt to build
Amongſt the bleating Rangers of the Field?
Tending thy harmleſs Flock, to ſee thy Head,
With yon Celeſtial Canopy o'erſpread;
Look up to the Diviner *Paſtor* there,
And of his Table claim thy Native Share;
The lowly Swain ſure his peculiar Care.
Yes, think how the Angelick Jubilee,
At thy dear Saviour's Birth was ſung to Thee.
Glory in th' Higheſt, and Good Will to Men,
Not chanted in Proud Courts, t' a Princely Train,
But to the humble Shepherds of the Plain.

Nay has thy mortal Lot thrown thee ſo low,
As ev'n to taſte the bitter Draught of Woe;
With this too frowning World's Oppreſſion vext,
Come to this Feaſt, and look up to the next.
Here in this Cup of Joy drown all thy Care,
Remember what the Founder do's declare:
He to whom leſs of Earthly Joys are given,
Claims but the larger Share in thoſe of Heav'n.

Look lower ſtill. Thou ev'n the Dungeon (Slave,
Doom'd to a publick Death, and ſhameful Grave,
Tho' not a Life, thou haſt a Soul to ſave.

Ap-

Approach but with a Penitential Knee,
And ev'n this Feaſt is not denied to Thee;
Mercy has been to late Repentance ſhow'd,
The *Thief* upon the Croſs once found a GOD.

As ſuch the General Invitation calls
The Heav'n fed Mouths t' his Hoſpitable Walls,
Of all th' Oraculous Commands that paſt
From thy bleſt Saviour, this the Greateſt Laſt;
Refuſe not to accept the plenteous Hoard
Of Bleſſings, the laſt *Supper* of thy LORD
Has to Mankind ſo bountefully ſtor'd.
Want'ſt thou Health, Peace, Contentment; all (that's dear
To thy own Heart; approach and find 'em here.
Renew the very *Man*: Ev'n Cowardiſe,
With all its Fears ſhall here to Courage riſe.
At common Tables fill'd, what do we more
Then riſe more Nervy for the Plough or Oar.
Th' invigorated Arm and ſtrengthen'd Knee,
From Worldy Feaſts is all the Fruit we ſee.
This Feſtival do's our whole Veins refine,
Gives Health all Sacred, Nutriment Divine.
From hence enliven'd with that Strength of Mind,
Fear not thy Soul ſhall th' inſpir'd Heroe find.

Invain the louring World: No adverſe Frown,
Nor perſecuting Powr's ſhall caſt thee down.
Nor Storms nor Shipwracks, every mortal Loſs;
No, nor the bearing thy dear SAVIOUR's *Croſs*,
Whilſt thus ſet up a Goſpel Militant,
So fortified a Heart ſhall ever daunt.
Ev'n Death it ſelf ſhall here no Conqueſt boaſt.
The *King of Terrors* all his Terrors loſt;
No Death-bed Agony thy Peace invades:
The very Grave knows here no Night, nor Shades.
All fearleſs ſhalt thou taſte Life's laſt ſour Draught,
And bare thy Breaſt to the Deſtroying Shaft:
Look up t' Omnipotence with th'Eagle's Eye;
And in that nobleſt Liſt of WORTHIES die.

FINIS.